NUMB. CCXXXVIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures,
Reſpue quod non es —— Perſius, Sat. 4.

Monday, December 3. 1711.

Among all the Diſeaſes of the Mind there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as where the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Diſtemper with moſt Violence; ſo, in this Diſtemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propenſity or Inclination to ſuck in the Poiſon, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reaſonable Action muſt be overturn'd; for like Muſick it

——*So ſoftens and diſarms the Mind,*
That not one Arrow can Reſiſtance find.

We flatter our ſelves, and then the Flattery of others is ſure of Succeſs. It awakens our Self-love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and joyn the Enemy without. Hence it is, that the Profuſion of Favours we often ſee poured upon the Paraſite, are repreſented to us by our Self-Love; as Juſtice done to Merit ſo agreeably, reconciles us to our ſelves. Thus we are overcome by ſuch ſoft Inſinuations and inſinuating Compliances, we gladly recompence the Arts are made Uſe of to blind our Reaſon, which triumph over the Weakneſſes of our Temper and Inclinations.

But were every Man perſwaded from how mean and low a Principle this Paſſion is deriv'd, there can be no Doubt but the Perſon who ſhould attempt to move it, would then be as contemptible as he is now ſucceſsful. 'Tis the Deſire of ſome Quality we are not poſſeſs'd of, or Inclination to be ſomething we are not, which are the Cauſes of our giving our ſelves up to that Man; who beſtows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others, which ſuit us as ill, and were as little deſign'd for us as their Cloaths. Inſtead of going out of our own complexional Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Induſtry to improve our own, and inſtead of a miſerable Ape become a good Original; for there is no Temper, no Diſpoſition ſo rude and unreaſonable, but may in its own peculiar Caſt and Turn be wrought to ſome agreeable Uſe in Converſation, or the Affairs of Life. A Perſon of a rougher Deportment, and leſs tied up to the uſual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the Play, pleaſe by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein he is complied with; the Briſk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more Sullen and Melancholly Temper may at ſome times be agreeable.

When there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to take him, the Flatterer ſtirs up that dormant Weakneſs, and inſpires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the moſt ſordid Act can be complied with, the Art of Praiſing juſtly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praiſe well; as Poets at one and the ſame Time give Immortality, and receive it themſelves for a Reward: Both are pleaſed, the one whilſt he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other, whilſt he ſhews he knows how to diſcern it; but above all that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, retains the Features and Complection, but ſtill ſoftens the Picture into the moſt agreeable Likeneſs.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more deſirable Pleaſure, than that of Praiſe unmix'd with any Poſſibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, deſirous of ſome ſincere Mark of the Eſteem of his Legions for him, he is deſcribed by *Tacitus* liſt'ning in a Diſguiſe to the Diſcourſe of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Fruition of his Glory, whilſt with an undeſigned Sincerity they praiſed his noble and majeſtick Mein, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Succeſs in War. How muſt a Man have his Heart full-blown with Joy in ſuch an Article of Glory as this? What a Spur and Encouragement ſtill to proceed in thoſe Steps which had already brought him to ſo pure a Taſte of the greateſt of mortal Enjoyments?

It ſometimes happens that even Enemies and envious Perſons beſtow the ſincereſt Marks of Eſteem when they leaſt deſign it. Such afford a greater Pleaſure, as extorted by Merit and freed from all Suſpicion of Favour or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*, he has Wit, Learning, and Diſcernment, but temper'd with an Allay of Envy, Self-Love, and Detraction. *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and good Humour of the Company, if it center not in his Perſon; he grows jealous and diſſatisfied when he ceaſes to be the only Perſon admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to leſſen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method he beſtows ſuch Praiſe as can never be ſuſpected of Flattery. His Uneaſineſs and Diſtaſtes are ſo many ſure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he deſires, and has the Mortification to find himſelf not poſſeſſed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment, and when we are praiſed with Skill and Decency, 'tis indeed the moſt agreeable Perfume; but if too ſtrongly admitted into a Brain of a leſs vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill like too ſtrong an Odour overcome the Senſes, and prove pernicious to thoſe Nerves 'twas intended to refreſh. A generous Mind is of all others the moſt ſenſible

of

of Praise and Dispraise; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applause, as 'tis depressed by Neglect and Contempt: But 'tis only Persons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of these Extreams; as in a Thermometer 'tis only the purest and most sublimated Spirit, that is either contracted or dilated by the Benignity or Inclemency of the Season.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Translations which you have lately given 'us from the *Greek* in some of your last Papers, have been the Occasion of my looking into 'some of those Authors; among whom I chanced on 'a Collection of Letters which pass under the Name 'of *Aristaenetus*. Of all the Remains of Antiquity 'I believe there can be nothing produced of an Air 'so gallant and polite; each Letter contains a little 'Novel or Adventure, which is told with all the 'Beauties of Language, and heightened with a 'Luxuriance of Wit. There are several of them 'translated, but with such wide Deviations from 'the Original, and in a Stile so far differing from 'the Authors, that the Translator seems rather to 'have taken Hints for the expressing his own Sense 'and Thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of *Aristaenetus*. In the following Translation I have kept as near the Meaning of the *Greek* as I could, and have only added a few Words to make the Sentences in *English* fit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The Story seems to be taken from that of *Pygmalion* and the Statue in *Ovid*: Some of the Thoughts are of the same Turn, and the Whole is written in a kind of poetical Prose.

Philopinax to *Chromation*.

"NEver was Man more overcome with so fantastical a Passion as mine. I have painted "a beautiful Woman, and am despairing, dying "for the Picture. My own Skill has undone me; "'tis not the Dart of *Venus*, but my own Pencil has "thus wounded me. Ah me! with what Anxiety "am I necessitated to adore my own Idol? How "miserable am I, whilst every one must as much "pity the Painter as he praises the Picture, and "own my Torment more than equal to my Art. "But why do I thus complain? have there not "been more unhappy and unnatural Passions than "mine? Yes, I have seen the Representations of "*Pharaea*, *Narcissus* and *Pasiphae*. *Phaedra* was "unhappy in her Love; that of *Pasiphae* was "monstrous; and whilst the other caught at "his beloved Likeness, he destroyed the watry I-"mage which ever eluded his Embraces: The "Fountain represented *Narcissus* to himself, and the "Picture both that and him, thrilling after his "adored Image. But I am yet less unhappy, I "enjoy her Presence continually, and if I touch "her I destroy not the beauteous Form, but she "looks pleased, and a sweet Smile sits in the "charming Space which divides her Lips. One "would swear that Voice and Speech were issuing "out, and that ones Ears felt the melodious Sound. "How often have I deceived by a Lover's Cre-"dulity, blunderd if she had not something to "whisper me? and when frustrated of my Hopes, "how often have I taken my Revenge in Kisses "from her Cheeks and Eyes, and softly wooed her "to my Embraces? whilst she (as to me it seem'd) "only withheld her Tongue, the more to enflame "me. But, Madman that I am, shall I "taken with the Representation only "teous Face and flowing Hair, and thus "self and melt to Tears for a Shadow? "'tis something more, 'tis a Reality! "Beauties shine out with new Lustre, "seems to upbraid me with such unkind "ches. O may I have a living Mistress "Form, that when I shall compare the Work "Nature and that of Art, I may be still "which to chuse, and be long perplex'd "pleasing Uncertainty.

ERRATA.

In Saturday's Spectator *the last Line of the* 1st Co*lumn for* Reward *read* Lot.

Not acted these five Years.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this present Monday, being the 3d of December, will be revived a Play call'd, Virtue betray'd, or Anna Bullen. The Part of Anna Bullen by Mrs. Oldfield, King Harry the 8th by Mr. Booth, Cardinal Woolsey by Mr. Cibber, Northumberland by Mr. Bowman, Piercy by Mr. Wilks, Rochford by Mr. Mills, Lady Diana by Mrs. Rogers, Lady Elis. Blunt by Mrs. Porter, young Prince by Isabella by Miss Smith.

For SALE by the CANDLE,

On Thursday the 6th Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 4 in the Afternoon (only 1 Cask of Lot) 15 Hhds and 2 Tierces of excellent French new Bright mixt White Wines, and 23 Pipes and 1 Hhd of excellent new Old French Claret, and other of the best Growths, deep, bright, fresh, &c. neat, entire Parcels, lately landed, now in a Vault of the House of Messieurs Alderson and Burger, Merchants, over the Bell Ale-house in Mincing-lane in Fenchurch-street. To be seen and tasted to Morrow and Wednesday from 8 to 1 and from 2 to 4, all Thursday till the Time of Sale. To be sold by Tho. Todd Broker, in Seething-lane in Tower-street.

At the Mountain Wine-Cellar under the Rose South-Sea Coffee-house in Broad-street, is sold by retail Mountain Malaga Wine at 4s. 8d. per Gallon or 12 s. per and Red Viana Wine at 18d. per Bottle. Such Persons as Gallons shall pay but 12 s. there being 13 Bottles, neat and pure from the Grape.

Wines to be sold by Retail.

Excellent Red and White Port, and Red White Lisbon, being neat Wines as they came from the the best Growth in Portugal. To be sold by the Importer in Brabant-Court in Philpot-Lane, viz. Red and White Port Gallon, or 24 l. per Hhd. Red and White Lisbon at 3 s. 6 d. or 26 l. per Hhd. Attendance will be given every Day

This Day is Published, the third Edition of

The Conduct of the Allies and the late Ministry in beginning and carrying on the present War. Printed for Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

Just Publish'd.

The last new Comedy, call'd, The Wife's Relief, or, the Husband's Cure. By Mr. Charles Johnson. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespears Head over against Katherine-street in the Strand.

There being now a very small Number of the following Books remaining, Printed by Mr. Clavel lately deceased, they will be sold in Quires to the 20th of January next, and no longer, by the Purchasers of that Stock, J. Nicholson, B. Wellington and B. Tooke, Booksellers, viz. the 2d Vol. of Dr. Cumberland 9 s. Ricaut's History of the Turks, 3d Vol. 3 s. Dr. Willis's remaining Works or 2d Vol. 2 s. all in Folio. Dr. Chamberlain's Compleat 5 l. His Church History in 4 parts 2 s. Vindication Principles of Cyprianick Age 4 s. Bede Opera Theolog. 1 s. Pierce's Law and Equity of the Gospel 2 s. &c. there in 4to. Fox of the Monks 1 s. 6 d. Journey to Naples 1 s. Dr. Cumber of Oblation 2 s. Mr. Wharton of Pluralities 2 s. Mr. Marches Sermon 1 s. Bishop Brown's Answer to Poland 1 s. Sir G. Wheler Churches 6 d. Dr. Sham's Devotions 1 s. Daily Offices 1 s. &c. in 8vo.

Just Publish'd,

A Treatise of the Diseases of the Head, Brain and Nerves, with Directions for their Cure, and how many dreadful and sudden Indispositions, ascending them, as Appoplexies, Lepsies, Palsies, &c. may be prevented and cured, and consequently Lives saved by the Medicines therein prescribed. To which is also joined, a Discourse of the Nature, Cause and Cure of Melancholy and Vapours. By a Phisician. Sold by the Author's Apothecary at the Hatch with Blue Spikes near the Square in Hatton-Garden in the Minories, London. Price Bitched 1 s. 6 d. bound 2 s.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.